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**HO!
FOR
SAN FRANCISCO!**

FROM

NEW YORK

TO THE

GOLDEN GATES.

BY

MARVIN F. WOOD.

NEW YORK:

THE POPULAR PRINTING COMPANY.

1882

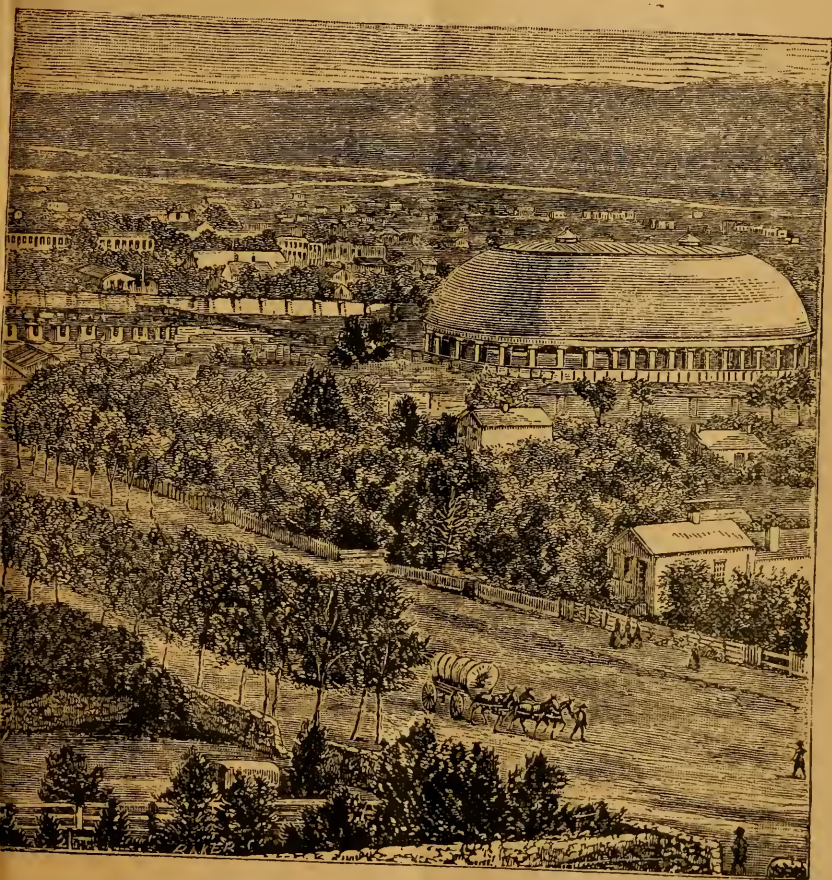
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1882

FROM
NEW YORK
TO THE
GOLDEN GATES.



VIEW OF SALT LAKE CITY.



Dedicated,

IN TRUE AFFECTION,

BY

THE AUTHOR,

TO

HIS BELOVED WIFE.

INTRODUCTORY.

Business, simply, occasioned my sudden departure from New York City to San Francisco, California, and, with purely business thoughts intent, I commenced to make preparations for my journey, with the very best companion to be found in the world.

These preparations were brief enough, for, although there are those among us who remember the time when a mere trip to Albany was undertaken with many misgivings, and after very careful arrangements, some indeed, of the most cautious, putting all their worldly affairs into proper shape before they would trust themselves to the perils of the voyage, the New Yorker of to-day thinks no more of starting off to San Francisco, California, a distance not far short of three thousand miles and about as far distant as London or Paris, than he does, we might almost say, of crossing one of our rivers on a ferry-boat.

In the most unromantic and matter of fact manner I began to take a note or two on the way --mere facts, jotted down in a terse and dry way; for instance: "Got to Buffalo at — p.m." Harsh as nails, is it not? "Changed cars at junction" — "passed — station" "stopped for dinner at —," and so on. By degrees, however, the beauties and excitements of the journey thaw one out of one's prosy method and the mere

notes are extended to descriptions of things and places.

Still these notes were crude enough, enlarged though they became, but at the same time they contained considerable information of an interesting and improving nature, and, since they were written, I have occasionally come across them amongst piles of papers and documents stored away. In glancing through these notes, lately, my memory was pleasantly stirred, and I resolved to find time to put them in such shape as to become useful as a guide—not, of course, a thoroughly practical and business-like one, for of these we have many, possibly too many by not a few, as thousands who have been carried to the very borders of lunacy in striving to follow and understand their ridiculous ambiguities could testify—but a chatty, friendly narration to be put into the hands of those who perchance may have to travel the same road.

This I have attempted to do, and, begging the reader to remember that matters which at home are apparently of the most trivial nature are magnified into subjects of importance to the traveller—I refer to the neophyte and not to the old roadster—I place my little story of travel, not unhesitatingly, in the publisher's hands.

A TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO.

My wife having decided to accompany me, through tickets to San Francisco were procured, with a sleeping section to Chicago, and we left New York, on the twenty-fifth of September 1879, by the 8:30 p. m. express, arriving at Syracuse for breakfast; and it may here be noted as a not insignificant fact that after partaking of that meal, good breakfasts and we were strangers for the rest of the journey.

We were soon whirled away from the level site once known as Corinth, but for more than sixty years as Syracuse, and at 12:40 p. m. we reached Buffalo, having traveled just $441\frac{3}{4}$ miles since leaving New York City.

Our car having been transferred here to the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern R. R., we soon left this centre of vast manufacturing interests, with, it is safe to say, at least its 120,000 souls, behind us, getting to Cleveland in time for supper, which was well served, and we were allowed time to enjoy it. Meals to the traveler are very important matters, and as at Buffalo, the great dinner station, we were not treated very handsomely in the refreshment line, Cleveland's hospitality was greatly appreciated. This town, which has the reputation of being one of the most beautiful in the United States, is just 603 miles from New York City; so that we had now travelled about one-fifth of our journey.

At 8 a. m. on the 26th we entered the station of that great railroad centre of the West, Chicago, and, finding that we should have to wait two hours and a half

for our westward bound train, we visited one or two places of importance, in spite of the very muddy streets. Chicago was never remarkable for its cleanly highways and a rain storm during the night had made them disagreeable indeed.

To a commercial mind the vast dry goods' establishment of Messrs. Field, Leiter & Co., now Marshall, Field & Co., is an object of interest, and, as we consider the immense mercantile facilities of this city, it is somewhat difficult to realize that not more than eighty-seven years ago, on that very site, the United States government obtained from the Indians six acres of ground for a stockade fort to protect the traders!

The percentage of visitors to Chicago for mere pleasure is comparatively small, but it may be stated on very good authority that there are twenty thousand arrivals every month in the principal hotels of the city, with its population of about 300,000.

Now for our long day's journey on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific R. R. through the State of Illinois. We passed no stations of much importance; on every side were seen vast fields of corn, but not much foliage, although we flew past many pretty prairie houses in the midst of picturesque bits of woodland. The entire country journeyed through now was almost a plain, and we did not regret that the monotony of the journey was interrupted by a very well served dinner on a "restaurant car."

The veteran traveler may smile at these occasional allusions to refectation and its times and modes of serving and quality, but we are writing for the information of the novice and not for the "old stager," be it understood.

Rock Island station came to view at six p.m. The town is situated some distance off. The island is worthy of a few descriptive words. The city is situ-

ated on the east bank of the Mississippi river, and the island is three miles long and lies at the foot of the Upper Rapids. It presents a perpendicular front of limestone about thirty feet high, is partly covered with woods, park-like and attractive.

We next crossed the Mississippi river over a fine bridge one mile in length and connecting Rock Island with the very pretty town of Davenport, Iowa.

After a good night's rest we found ourselves at Council Bluffs, but not before a contumacious cow got in the way of our train. Fortunately the little episode ended better for us than the cow, as we did not jump the track, and as *she* would not do so she was killed.

Council Bluffs is in the western part of Iowa, nearly three miles from the Missouri river, and having a population of 15,000.

This place takes its name from the fact that in 1804 Mr. Lewis Clark, the explorer, held council with the Indians at that point and thus christened it.

Here we fell in with pleasant company, a young married couple from Boston. We had time to purchase a lunch and to enjoy it preparatory to the great transfer two miles west, and where all passengers, baggage and mails are transferred to the cars of the Union Pacific R. R. This company has erected a large building here for the transaction of all necessary business. The eastern roads terminate here.

We now cross the Missouri river and arrive at Omaha, which is situated on the western bank of the river, on a plateau fifty feet above, and has a population of 24,000. The main offices of the Union Pacific R. R. are located here.

Sleeping accommodation having been secured to Ogden, we left Omaha at noon and passed the following stations: Summit Siding, Gilmore, Papillion and Millard.

Elkhorn, the next station, is on the east bank of the Elkhorn River, which is about 300 miles in length. Fishing and hunting are excellent in this section, the wild turkey, deer and antelope abounding.

Waterloo Valley and Riverside are small side stations.

Stopping at Fremont to dine, not at all badly, either, we have time to learn that this little town already numbers 3,500 souls; a quiet place, situated three miles north of the Platte river.

From Fremont we pass up this river, which can be traced by the timber along its banks and quickly leave behind us: Ames, North Bend, Rogers, Schuyler's, Richland, Columbus, Jackson, Silver Creek, Clark's, Lone Tree, Chapman's, and Lockwood.

At Grand Island there is a short stop for supper, and then Alta, Wood River, Shelton, Gibbon and Shelby are passed. Next in the list is Kearney junction, named after the old fort nearby, and where the Burlington & Missouri River R. R. and the Denver & St. Joseph R. R. join with the Union Pacific R. R. Stevenson, Elm Creek, Overton, Josselyn, Plum Creek, Coyote, Cozurt, Willow Island, Warren and Brady Island are unimportant points, but McPherson, situated five miles from the Platte River is a military station. The Fort is situated on the south side of the Platte River, near Cotton Wood Springs. Thence we proceed to Gamutt, North Platte City, Nichols, O'Fallin Bluffs, Dexter, Alkali, Rusco, Ogalolla, Brule, Big Springs, Barton, Julesburg Chappell, Lodge Pole and Cotton.

The country just crossed is principally devoted to stock-raising. People at the small stations live in underground and log huts.

At 8:10 we arrive at Sidney for breakfast, poor fare for a dollar. The town has a population of 1,500. Here passengers leave the train for Deadwood and

the Black Hills, a distance of 267 miles by stage; fare about five dollars.

Leaving Sidney we pass Brownson, Patten, Bennett, Antelope, Adams, Bushnell, Pine Bluffs, Tracy, Egbert, Burns, Hillsdale, Atkins and Archer. Next comes the Prairie Dog City. Many hundreds of the little creatures from which the place takes its name are found in colonies. Alarmed at our approach they either ran into their holes or sat up on their hind legs.

We arrived at Cheyenne at 1:40 p.m. for dinner. This is the Capital of Wyoming Territory, and the largest town between Omaha and Ogden.

The country is quite level and but little cultivated. Not very far from the station is the military Fort D. A. Russell, and the rather dull scene was not a little enlivened by the presence of a small company of the brave defenders of our country.

We did not tarry long at Cheyenne but were swiftly carried past the little stations of Hazard and Otto.

Already some of the grand features of the far West are claiming our attention. Five miles west of Otto, Granite Canyon is in view, and presently we have the novel sensation of running through several long snow sheds, passing Buford station.

On and up we go, scarcely realizing that we are thousands of feet above lowlands passed so recently, until at length Sherman, the highest point on the Rocky Mountains, is reached.

This lofty and sublime point was named after and in honor of our distinguished soldier Sherman, the tallest General in the service, and it reaches an elevation of 8,245 feet above the level of the sea.

We have travelled now a distance of 549 miles since leaving Omaha, and are yet 1,365 miles this side of San Francisco. Far off but plainly visible, Pike's Peak points to heaven.

We are beginning to feel strongly the effect of the

light atmosphere on our lungs] and which causes a difficulty in breathing.

For many miles the country presents a most desolate appearance; nothing but barren plain and rock—not a tree nor shrub—as far as the eye can reach. But not far distant the antelope, deer and elk are found in herds, and bears, sage hens and grouse abound.

At this point a Mr. Hill of Boston, two military officers and the writer were invited to ride on the engine, that we might have the pleasure of an unobstructed view of the, to us, novel features ahead. After traveling down on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains for a few miles, it was suggested that we should try the effect on our nerves of a ride on the cow-catcher of the engine. This is not quite so alarming a feat as it would seem to the uninitiated. The engineer provided us with a cushion, and at the next stopping place we comfortably ensconced ourselves on our novel vehicle, and with somewhat of a gasp prepared for the exciting ride.

As the great engines, snorting like huge war horses, moved down the mountain's iron road there were none who did not feel a little nervous, but we gradually became accustomed to the position. However there was excitement which we did not expect in store for us. Suddenly rounding a point, we were shrouded in darkness. The engine's whistle and other noises, which in that clear air were awe-inspiring, almost suggested the war whoop and onslaught of a band of Indians, but we passed through the long snow shed, with an occasional glimmer of light from an opening above, quite safely.

Scarcely had we congratulated ourselves on emerging into broad day-light, when another turn in the road brought in view, not many hundred yards ahead, another large cow, standing on the track quite as

composedly as if railroads were the legitimate abiding places of its gentle kind.

It did not take more than a second to determine that if we should come in contact with the animal our chances of escape from disaster were slim indeed. "Every man for himself!" shouted the engineer.

In an instant we were scrambling up on the engine—no very easy task for those not born and bred on such an apparatus to accomplish while it is in motion. The air-brakes were applied and the cow alarmed by the engine's whistle, ambled off, saving her life which a few moments before the most reckless insurance agent would have rejected a policy on with a heavy premium.

Emboldened by our successful undertaking the ladies presently enjoyed a ride in the cab, and now have the satisfaction of being able to recount the really unusual experience of riding down the Rocky Mountains on an engine.

Sometimes we crossed bridges one hundred feet high, then shot through imposing canyons and numerous snow sheds.

The experiment may be considered by most cautious persons as very rash; but really one is paid for temerity in mounting an engine; for the scenery is grand and one has the opportunity afforded him of viewing the magnificent scenery on either side of the railroad, besides an unobstructed front view of objects of interest, sometimes awe-inspiring in the distance, and marvellous always, as we draw near and pass them.

Next is the station of Red Buttes, so called from the many large buttes of sand stone which are found there. Some of these rise to a height of one thousand feet and are extremely imposing in appearance. Some resemble castellated buildings, and are of fantastic shape. Others seem like mountain steppes.

These passed we soon reach a station known as Fort Sanders, a military post of the same name not being far distant.

Next comes Laramie City, the county seat of Albany, Wyoming Territory, with a population of 4,000 and quite an attractive place; the streets are laid out with care, it possesses a large hotel, public buildings, some fine residences, and a stream of spring water runs through the principal thoroughfares.

The country is almost level, and far away on the plains are herds of antelopes, although some, timorous though their nature is usually, venture within rifle range and are not infrequently fired at by railroad passengers.

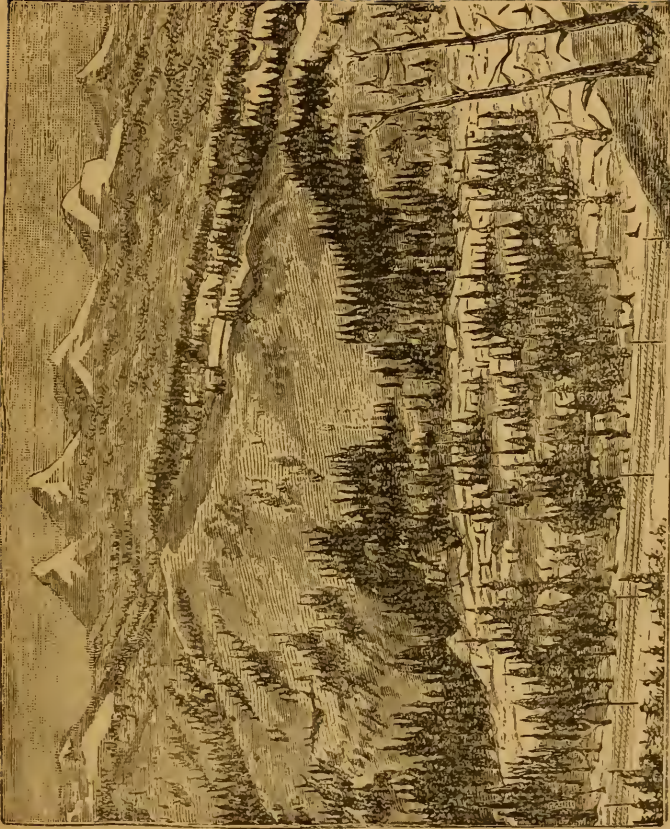
Passing Howells, Wyoming, Cooper Lake, Look-Out and Miser's stations we are allowed time for refreshments at Rock Creek. A very poor supper was dished up and for which we were mulcted in the sum of one dollar per head. The place was quite as poor and uninteresting as the meal and we were not sorry to resume our journey.

Gliding past the stations of Wilcox and Como, the latter suggestive of a lake we did not descry, we soon found ourselves on the bridge which spans the Medicine Bow River.

For a long time this stream was a noted resort for Indians. It may be that the "fire wagons," as they call the cars, had much to do with sending them away.

The next point of particular interest is Fort Fred. Steele, a military post not far from the spot where war was being waged against the depredating Utes. Among our passengers were many military officers bound for the scene of action.

During the night we passed several small side stations (as they are called) arriving at Green River for breakfast. Here, at least (in a gastronomic point



SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAINS. 10,000 feet high.

of view,) we found our "oasis in the desert." By the by the hotel is called the Desert House, and we all felt that we had received our deserts in the culinary line, and much refreshed were quite ready for another day's incessant rumbling of the cars.

As we paid for our meal each passenger was handed a printed notice. Being unique of its kind, and as, doubtless, but very few have conned its witticisms and absurdities, I have transcribed it to these pages for the benefit of the majority of my friends, who have never yet smiled at its conceits.

THE DOCUMENT.

"This hotel has been built and arranged for the special comfort and convenience of summer boarders.

"On arrival each guest will be asked how he likes the situation; and if he says the hotel ought to have been placed up on the knoll or down towards the village, the location of the house will be immediately changed.

"Corner front room only up one flight for each guest.

"Baths, gas, water-closet, hot and cold water, laundry, telegraph, restaurant, fire-alarm, bar-room, billiard table, daily papers, sewing machine, grand piano, a clergyman and all modern conveniences in every room.

"Meals every minute, if desired, and consequently no second table.

"English, French and German dictionaries furnished every guest, to make up a bill of fare as he may desire, without regard to the *bill affair* afterwards at the office.

"Waiters of any nationality and color desired. Every waiter furnished with a button-hole bouquet, full-dress suit, ball-tablets and his hair parted in the middle.

“Every guest will have the best seat in the dining-hall, and the best waiter in the house.

“Any guest not getting his breakfast red-hot, or experiencing a delay of sixteen seconds after giving his order will please mention the fact at the office, and the cooks and waiters will be blown from the mouth of the cannon in front of the hotel at once.

“Children will be welcomed with delight and are requested to bring hoopsticks and hawkeyes with which to bang the rosewood furniture especially provided for that purpose, and peg-tops to spin on the velvet carpets.

“They will be allowed to bang on the piano at all hours, yell in the halls, slide down the bannisters, fall down stairs, carry away desserts enough for a small family in their pockets at dinner, and make themselves as disagreeable as the fondest mother can desire.

“Washing allowed in rooms, and ladies giving an order to ‘put me on a flat iron,’ will be put on one at any hour of the day or night.

“A discreet waiter who belongs to the Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and who was never known to even tell the time of day, has been employed to carry milk-punches and hot toddies to the ladies’ rooms in the evening.

“Every lady will be considered the belle of the house and row boys will answer the bell promptly. Should any row boy fail to appear at guests’ door with a pitcher of ice water, more towels, a gin cocktail and pen and ink and paper before the guest’s hand has left the bell knob, he will be branded “Front” on his forehead and be imprisoned for life.

“The office clerk has been carefully selected to please everybody and can lead in prayer, play draw poker, match worsted at the village store, shake for drinks any hour of the day or night, play billiards,

good waltzer and can dance the German; make a fourth at euchre, amuse children, repeat the Beecher trial from memory, is a good judge of horses, as a railway or steamboat reference is far superior to Appleton's or any body else's guide. Will flirt with any young lady and not mind being cut dead 'when pa comes down.' Dont mind being damned any more than a Connecticut river. Can room forty people in the best room in the house when the hotel is full, attend to the annunciator and answer questions in Hebrew, Greek, Choctaw, Irish or any other polite language at the same moment without turning a hair.

"Dogs allowed in any room in the house, including the w(h)ine room.

"Gentlemen can drink, smoke, swear, chew, gamble, tell shady stories, stare at the new arrivals, and indulge in any other innocent amusements common to watering places, in any part of the hotel.

"The proprietor will be happy to hear that some other hotel is the best house in the country.

"Special attention given to parties who can give information as to how these things are done in 'Yewrup.'

"The proprietor will take it as a personal affront if any guest on leaving should fail to dispute the bill, tell him that he is a swindler, the house a barn, the table wretched, the wines oils, and he, the guest, was never so imposed upon in his life before, will never stop there again and that he means to warn his friends."

The above document has caused many a *smile* you may be sure, and the landlord must owe a debt of gratitude to the lunatic who composed it, since it has proved a capital advertisement. The Desert house with its surroundings is very attractive to summer boarders—people who have time to recreate and money

galore, to whom no price is too high, so that comfort and the best of everything be obtainable.

It has been said that "time and tide wait for none." We may also with truth say that "time, tide and trains" wait for none. Every traveller can appreciate the correctness of the statement. Our train most certainly would not have waited for us. Obeying the summons to "get aboard" we left Green River station and its wonderful hotel behind us and crossed Green River, the longest branch of the Colorado of the west. The water has a deep green appearance—hence, of course, its name.

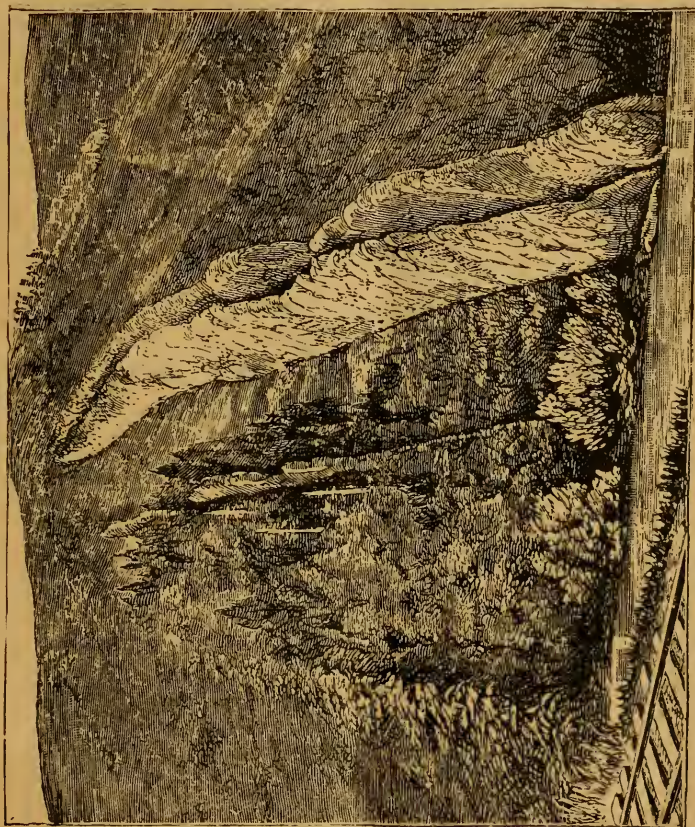
To our left are bluffs hundreds of feet high, and we are going up a grade, soon reaching an elevation of eight thousand feet, the highest point on the Nintah.

This side of Hilliard our next stopping place, is a soda spring, and our train was allowed to stop in order that the passengers might have the unusual opportunity of drinking from a natural soda fountain. The water is so strong that it has been found impossible to ship it in bottles; they always burst. After leaving Hilliard we passed Millis station and reached Evas-ton for dinner, the fare being very inferior to the perpetual spread of the Desert house.

In the limestone here are found fine specimens of petrified fish, reminding us of ages past when some earthquake or other disturbance of nature had turned rivers from their courses, buried mountains and upheaved valleys.

It has been said that the scenery in this neighborhood is the grandest along the entire road, and we were by special permission again allowed to mount the engine that we might lose none of the beauties of the route.

Crossing the dividing line of Wyoming and Utah we passed through the longest tunnel on the road, (800 feet).



THE DEVIL'S SLIDE—WEBER CANYON, UTAH.

It is difficult to find words that shall properly express the sensations created in the minds of those who first become acquainted with the mighty Canyons of the West.

Echo Canyon which we are just entering is awful in its grandeur. Huge cliffs hang over us hundreds of feet high, looking as if by their own weight alone they would break from their holding, tumble down and crush us to powder.

A thousand feet above us can be seen the fortifications erected by the Mormons in 1857 to defend this pass in the Canyon against the Government troops.

Among the objects of interest is Pulpit Rock. This is a very appropriate name for it looks as if it not only had a place for the parson but a seat for the now obsolete clerk below.

Echo City, near by, is situated in Summit Co., Utah, and is a settlement of log huts. Entering Weber Canyon we pass the one thousand mile tree which is just one thousand miles west of Omaha and reach the Devil's Slide, an extraordinary freak of nature. From the common plain surface rise two ridges of granite rock running parallel with each other and reaching from the base to the summit of the mountain. The ridges are six feet apart, leaving room for the "old gentleman" to slide down easily from top to bottom, if he were so disposed, and the snow or ice were in proper form. Weber Canyon, as it may be supposed, is situated in Weber County, Utah Territory. The Union Pacific R. R. passes through this County from south to north. Ogden City, which we are now nearing, is the County seat. The river of the same name empties itself into Great Salt Lake, and the Union Pacific R. R. follows the stream in Morgan County.

The scenery hereabouts is of the wildest, roughest and most forbidding kind. Cliffs of all shapes tower

above us in every direction. The mountains here are a portion of the Wassatch range. From the harshness of this scene we pass into the softness of the Salt Lake Valley, and soon pull up at Ogden, where the Union Pacific R.R. terminates and the Central Pacific R.R. begins. At this point also passengers alight for Salt Lake City.

Here we change cars and secure sleepers for San Francisco direct.

Ogden has a population of 6,500, the greater portion are Mormons, who govern the place. The city nestles in a lovely valley from which the mountains rise on every side, their snowy caps contrasting beautifully with the brilliant verdure and the floral beauties of the valley. The inhabitants have utilized the waters of the river Ogden, which they have caused to flow continually along either side of the streets, making the air cool and keeping the gutters clean.

At Ogden we get our supper, travel all night without a stop and arrive at Elko by breakfast time. Here we are surrounded by Indians—there are plenty of them in this vicinity. They hang around the station and ride on the train free of charge, in fact they are treated by the whites as children, but unhappily they are not as childlike as they seem, as Uncle Sam's exchequer can plainly show.

Soon we are rushing between the lofty palisades of the Humboldt. Huge boulders torn off and driven down by the mighty force of the storm are scattered about and add to the dreariness of the scene.

Winnemucca, situated on the Humboldt River, is named after a Piute chief whom we saw at the station. Attired in the uniform of the United States army and a high silk hat, he was an object of great interest to all. It is said he is eighty years old.

Winnemucca is four hundred and sixty-two miles

east of San Francisco, is surrounded by good farms, and has a population of several hundred.

At Humboldt, a small settlement in the Humboldt Valley and the eastern terminus of the great desert, we take supper. This truly beautiful spot is surrounded by snow capped mountains.

Now we are indeed drawing to our journey's end. We cross the desert, a distance of forty miles, and begin to ascend the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The road is almost a series of snow sheds, one being forty-five miles in length, a monotonous journey—just like passing through an ordinary tunnel with its occasional air-holes. As the light glimmers from each of these we are in hopes that we are about to dart into the open country, but are many times disappointed.

Magnificent Cape Horn, which casts its shadows into the valley beneath, is one of the features of the road, which is cut into the mountain nearly two thousand feet from its base. When they were surveying for the railroad it was found necessary to lower the engineer with a rope, the mountain being far too steep for a foothold.

The train stops at the Horn for a short time in order that the passengers may enjoy the almost unrivalled beauty of the scene. At a depth of nearly two thousand feet is the green, peaceful valley, with its quiet stream, while huge mountains rise upon each side.

At Colfax, the next station, we descend the mountain and the climate grows by degrees from cold to mild—from mild to warm and warmer, until at length our eyes are gladdened and surprised at the sight of youthful venders of California grapes, large basketsful, luscious looking and going for a song.

We are now in California!

Sacramento is reached at twenty-five minutes after ten a. m.

This city is located on the east side of the Sacramento River and has a population of 22,000.

The country becomes apparently almost level, resembling very much our eastern plains in appearance, during several hours' ride after leaving Sacramento City, and there was nothing presented to our view of a particularly interesting nature.

Oakland is the next and last stop on our long journey.

Before reaching this place, however, we run close to the bay of San Francisco, and again there is a marked change in the atmosphere. The air, which was warm, soft and balmy, becomes cool, almost raw, as we approach the Pacific Ocean.

Oaklands is reached at five p.m. and from this spot we get a view of our destination.

A large double-decked ferry boat awaits us and we board her. In thirty minutes she lands in San Francisco, and after a drive of a few minutes we arrive at the great Palace Hotel.

Only those who have travelled this route could appreciate our satisfaction at being at our journey's end. Tired, dirty and hungry, we quietly and thankfully availed ourselves of our new found comforts and sought rest once more in a motionless bed.

It is not the intention of the writer to attempt to give any particular account of what he saw in San Francisco, but it might be considered abrupt were he not to say something about the city.

The population is over 300,000. It is situated at the northern end of the southern peninsula, which separates the bay from the ocean. Between the northern and southern peninsula is the Golden Gate, which is one mile in width, thirty feet deep, and connecting the ocean with the bay.

A large portion of the business district of the city was built upon made ground, while the fashionable



ROUNDING CAPE HORN.

residences are located on the hill, a cable road connecting this aristocratic section with the more plebeian.

The streets resemble in a great degree, those of New York City, but the houses, on account of the numerous earthquakes that have occurred, are built of wood.

The Palace Hotel, at which we put up, is doubtless the largest in the world. It occupies an entire block and is seven stories high. It has a central court-yard one hundred and forty-four feet long by eighty-four feet wide, with a carriage drive right through. At the time of our visit this monster hotel numbered among its guests ex-president Grant.

Soon after our arrival we witnessed a sight which will not be forgotten as long as memory lasts. A Mr. Woodward, proprietor of a place of amusement called Woodward's Gardens, invited us to witness a balloon ascension, and after examining his beautiful flowers, which bloom, many of them, at all seasons of the year, we joined the excited throng around the balloon, which was an old one and of small capacity.

The Aeronaut and Professor Williams (who is also manager of the Gardens,) were to make the ascent. Although the wind was blowing with the force of a gale, and it was considered a dangerous attempt, despite the entreaties of those present, the order was given to "let go" and away they sailed.

It was soon evident that the balloon was overloaded, as they almost scraped the fence in mounting. It managed to clear several houses, but scarcely rose above them, soon coming in contact with the telegraph wires. It was supposed that the wires cut some of the ropes which sustained the basket, for after soaring a little higher the ropes broke, and the doomed men fell to the ground. It need scarcely be added that death was instantaneous. This is truly a sad reminiscence.

The churches and theatres do not bear comparison

with eastern edifices of a like character, but some are handsome, and show signs of architectural talent in their construction.

The climate of San Francisco is very peculiar. From May until November rain is a stranger, and everything becomes covered with a fine white dust. The trade winds are very strong and chilling. At four p.m. a heavy fog settles over the city and overcoats are necessary.

The rainy season commences in November and continues until May. There are flowers in abundance and grass continues green all the winter.

I must not forget to mention that, although the majority of the residents are very polite, there is one who very unceremoniously forces himself upon your acquaintance as soon as you reach the State line, and you find it almost impossible to shake him off until you become a permanent resident, when he seems to tire of you. This persistent creature is Mr. Flea. He is something enormous. When the stranger gets his first bite he says to himself "bed-bugs!" but he soon finds out his mistake. The bite is very severe and Mr. Flea's other name is legion.

No vulgar pennies are used in California. They call our shilling a "bit" and nothing is sold for less than five cents.

The Cliff House, situated a few miles from the city, is quite a point of interest. From its balconies are observed sea lions in numbers on the rocks close by.

Oakland, already referred to, is a really beautiful little town containing many fine residences. Flowers bloom from January to December, and ice is never seen.

On our return trip we visited Salt Lake City, taking the Utah Central road at Ogden, travelling thirty miles along the banks of the Salt Lake before reaching the City, which is located at the base of the

Wasatch mountains and has a population of about twenty thousand. It is divided into twenty-one wards, each controlled by a deacon.

The streets are wide and bordered with trees, and streams from the mountains run through them. The stores of the Mormons are distinguished from those of the Gentiles, if in no other way, by the letters Z. C. M. I. over each door—meaning the Zion Co-operative Mercantile Institution. The idea of this is to secure Mormon patronage.

We visited several of Brigham Young's residences, one of which is very handsome and commodious. The Tabernacle is an uncouth but monstrous building surrounded by a high wall. It is two hundred and fifty feet in length by one hundred and fifty in width. The roof is supported by forty six columns of sand stone. It is used for what the Mormons call "worship," and meetings of a secular nature. It will seat eight thousand persons, and a whisper can be distinctly heard from end to end. The organ is the largest in the world.

The Temple, which is close to the Tabernacle, has been five years in course of construction. It is imposing because of its size but cannot be called handsome. There is also a Temple for winter services.

Houses with several front doors are frequently seen; each door counts for a wife, so that we learn how many of these luxuries the owner possesses.

The Mormons generally are very reticent about their church affairs. They live in wooden houses painted a light color, and some are quite neat and pretty.

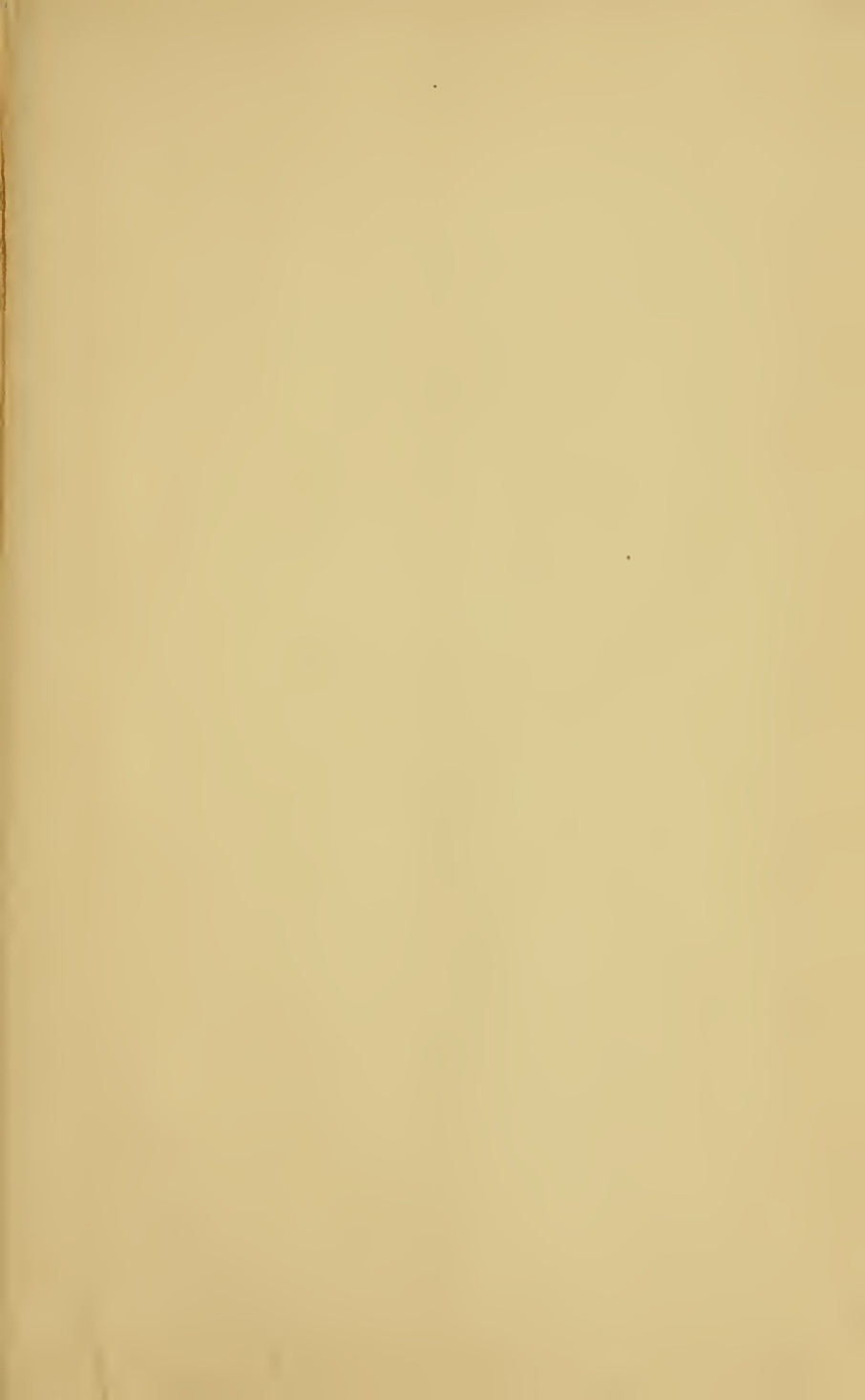
The Salt Lake, it is said, is fully one third salt, and those living near it say it is drying up fast.

In conclusion I would state that the most desirable time to visit California is during April or May. Everything then has a fresh and green aspect, and but little

dust will be encountered. The climate of San Francisco is very severe on the lungs, and those troubled with lung complaints should confine their visit to the southern portion of the State only.

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